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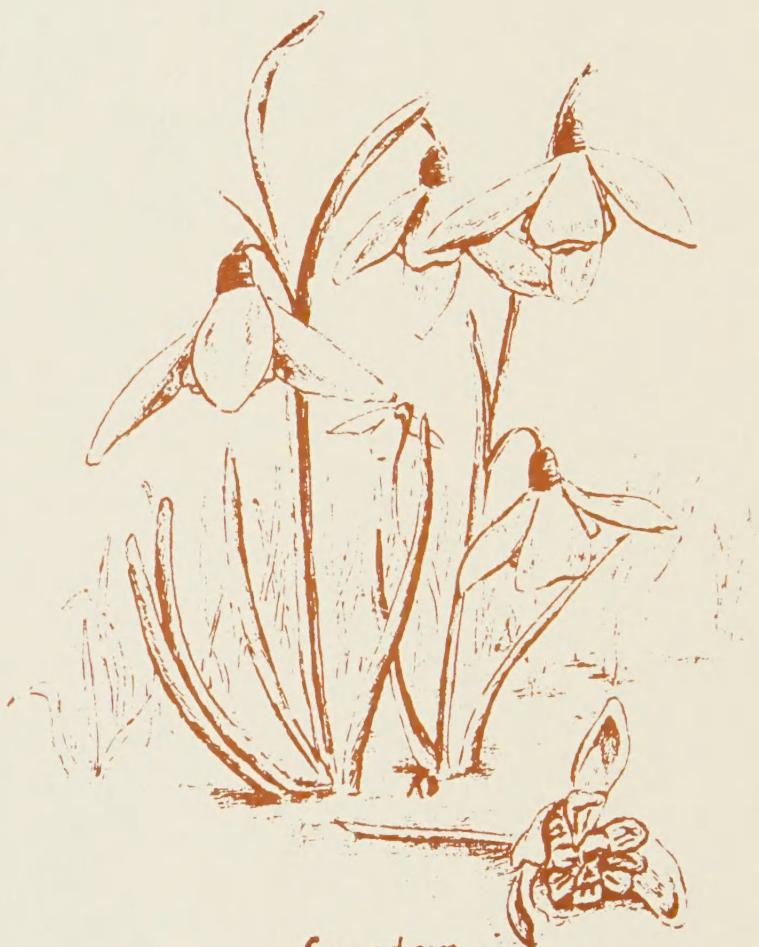
RAIN

clatsop
community
college

Astoria,
Oregon

June, 1978

ERIC SWEDEBERG



Snowdrop
Galanthus nivalis

--Katherine Brenner

Rain: feelings falling from the sky
penetrating those who understand and enjoy.

--Lynette Larson

ADDENDUM

Drawing, pg. 23, Don Osborne

"Crescent City 7-7-77," pg. 35
Alan Batchelder

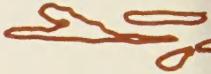
Photograph, pg. 35, Dan Marten

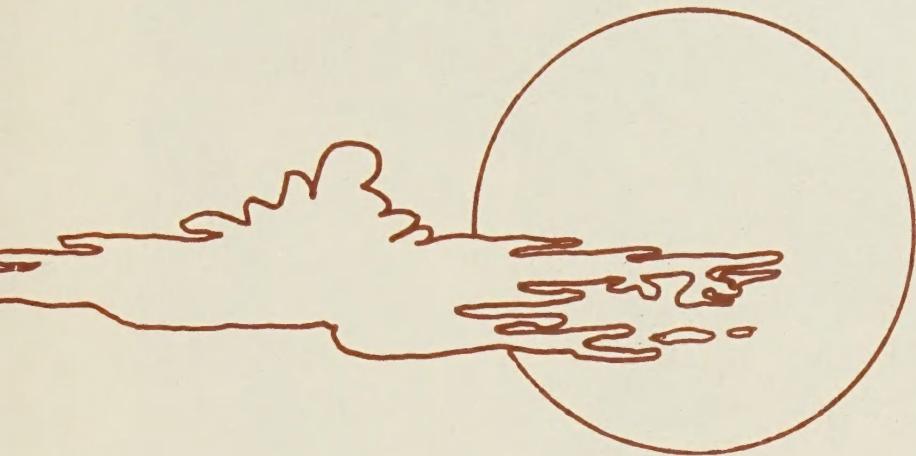
"Mountain Memory," pg. 46,
Doug Schaeffer

Photograph, pg. 28-29,
Laurie McCrae

FULL MOON

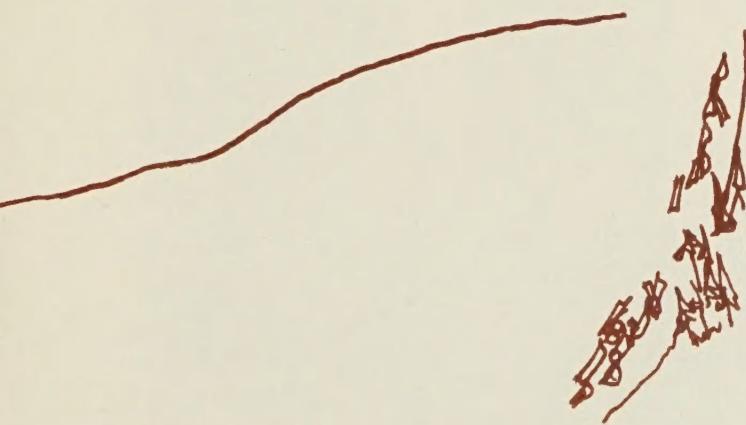
Tonight outside my window,
clouds carry her raw eye
through cane and into fog horns.
I remember the chart:
how it said she lay buried
in Pisces.
When she comes naked like this
I want to prowl the seas' boundary,
alone, dark folding its ragged edges,
myself in collusion.
And the other side saying:
it is only a reflection.

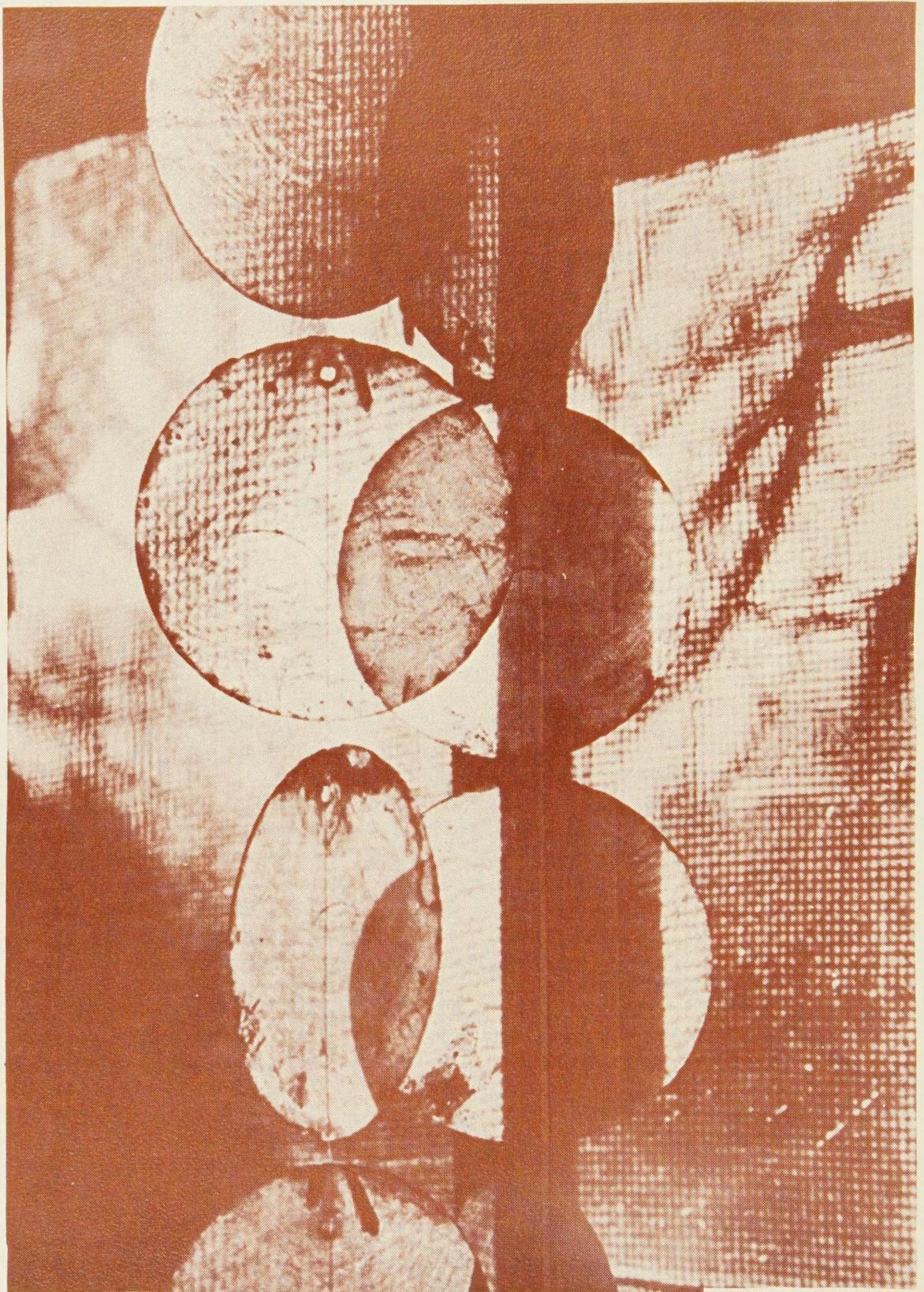




Again, thoughts race ahead
to the next place I want.
Pushing in long strides over dendrite,
up the narrow trail I wind, between
young pines grown bare on starved shale.
Can you imagine beyond my need:
seeming to be for you, it is not,
but for myself,
that mountain spirit rising
at night like her, clouded
in gray mist, the double fire burning.

--Dian Williams





Katherine Brenner

Reflections

-- Christie Robertson

She glanced a broken reflection in alabaster shining. She caught the fragment up, touched it, watched its movements in sun and shadows with the discernment of a crystal gazer, and she carried it close, a treasure to save.

Her hideaway, shelves and sills lined with days of past reflections -- in cracked mirrors, aging glass, glossy agate, knitted foil, prismatic quartz and jaded obsidian-- mirrored the essence of her being in countless forms. Each piece was as if fossilized with the image of a moment. She often stood at the centre of her visions and prismatically drew to herself all the images, all the moments there infused, to create her singular unity. Her reflections were the pages of a photograph album: more than memories, for her dreams were compounded here also. It was

her kaleidoscope, to play the pieces together as she shifted position. As she danced, the pictures danced; as she undulated in passion, so her kaleidoscopic visions pitched and reeled. The images could roll in nightmarish fantasy, or a single one could crystallize in perfection.

The shelves were crowded and full. She had opened her closet and drawers to make more room, had thrown out her blouses and scarves, her pills and powders. She suspended them from the ceiling, hung them in the windows. Her garden did not grow flowers or vegetables, but nourished her reflections. They lined the walk. They filled her cupboards, her freezer, her stove, her mantel. She found it easier to do away with all the other things than to part with a single fragment of her reflections. She feared the loss of one would be

a loss of part of herself, a memory extinguished, forgotten, as if it had never existed. If she found one cracked, the image distorted, she cautiously searched her face for a similar blemish.

By day she would enter the world, pass by the markets, sit in the cafe, talk and laugh and smile. She would caress her glass of wine tenderly as he spoke, holding her reflection in the deep burgundy steady, and she would not waver. Her friends would listen to her quiet intensity held by her eyes as she was by her own reflection. And so they were always perplexed when, as she drank her wine, she retreated into herself more and more, until, the last drop gone from her glass, she was completely closed off, separate. And she would always quickly depart, run back to her vault of jeweled images, to rediscover a lost self.

By night with the moon and the shadows, she would alter the patterns of her reflections, invent countless imaginings. She would don the festive skirts of the Gypsy, and pass as the wanderer, the fortune teller. She would hide beneath the veils of the Arabian, with only her eyes to hint of the mysteries within. On black nights she could be bewitched by the beaded eye of the raven. She would often lie at the side of a river, moving with no movement of her own, join the river, become the river.

She slept with satin sheets, and had learned to feel the reflections she craved, as well as see them. She dreamt her vivid dreams not in terms of colors, but in luminescence: silvery patterns as the spider's intricate web in morning dew, as the peacock's lustrous feathered eyes. She awoke to the sound of radiantly polished bells, glint-

ing sun like silvered icicles. And she sought always for new fragmentary reflections, always aware of the infinite possibilities of new selves to be discovered.

One afternoon a circus came to town. In the evening she dressed gaily, followed the sounds of the calliope, danced to its tune. She wore on her breast a cameo brooch, delicately carved onyx ancient with lustre. She passed by the merry-go-round and the music that had drawn her, past the carnival rides and screaming children. She passed the booths of the carneys, oblivious to their taunts. She passed the gilded cages of the tigers, the monkeys, past the circle the elephant had carved in the dust. She came finally to the freak show and entered the obscurity of the tent. She paused at each stage, amazed at the wonders there. In one she saw the Siamese twins, felt with them their linkage of self to self. She experienced with them the pain as her other existences were bruised or mangled, felt the flush rise in her cheeks as one of her images discovered joy. In another she watched the half-man/half-beast claw itself toward her, and her awe as she could not know which part lusted for her. She ran on to where the two-headed woman winked giddily at her, and winked again. A tiny voice drew her to her knees and she gazed upon the ancient child. The tattooed man unfolded for her a human mural, serpents intertwined with Latin phrases, creatures moving with grace through hills of muscles, picture-book stories of human barbarism, flesh-filled vines of succulent fruit. She saw one without arms or legs and beheld his agility in rolling motions. He did not mind her fascination as she watched, for he knew her to be also without limbs, trapped motionless in a world not meant for

freaks.

And as she moved to leave, the funny mirrors siezed her glance, held her there. As real as the distortions in her mind's eye she stood, cameo black as the chasm she felt herself falling into, caught there, passed beyond time, her kaleidoscope far away, unable to save her, to tear her apart from it; caught as the finale for the sideshow freaks.



RIVER

Beneath the silent suffocating fog,
the river is a darker wetness;
a cold silence sucking at the wind,
running deeper than memory.

Ship's horn bellowing against the gray,
a sound half-swallowed by stillness.
Whisper of waves slowly curling away;
a shroud-song, a hint of madness.

The passage is soon forgotten.
Only water remains, unchanged;
aloof from the brief interruption
of another age.

--Doug Shaeffer



--Don Osborne Jr.

Ruin and

Bored

Ken Stilger

Act I Scene I (A Mortality Play with Erratic Sectional Overtones)

A room, exits left to kitchen, right to front door, exit to back of house, a sofa, and prominently displayed an empty hospital bed, opens with MAC sitting staring blankly into the back wall. JIM enters and tries to walk quietly to the door. MAC swivels in chair.

MAC: Hi. (Dressed casually always chewing a pencil)

JIM: Good day.

MAC: Asking?

JIM: Just a comment.

MAC: Keep your comments to yourself.

JIM: Sure.

MAC: I've seen better.

JIM: What?

MAC: I've seen better days. Yesterday for instance.

JIM: Yesterday?

MAC: Not a cloud in the sky.

JIM: Seems clear today.

MAC: Seems?

JIM: Appears--. (Pause)

MAC: I've seen two already.

JIM: Clouds?

MAC: Big grey ones drifted right by the window less than an hour ago.

JIM: It's still a good day. (Pause)

MAC: Seems that way.

JIM: (Pause) Have you seen Dad. . . . Since the last time?

MAC: That's stupid.

JIM: What?

MAC: What you just said.

JIM: How?

MAC: It's a physical law that the last time you see someone is the last time you see them until you see them again.

JIM: That's stupid! I just wanted to know if you've seen Dad since you saw him last.

MAC: Not to belabor a point, and confuse your already addled brain, but if I have seen Dad since the last time I saw him, I haven't seen him lately.

JIM: (Pause) Oh. . .

MAC: Are you going out?

JIM: Yes.

MAC: Better take your umbrella.

JIM: It won't rain.

MAC: You got your degree and didn't tell me.

JIM: Degree?

MAC: Meter-o-ology.

JIM: I don't believe it will rain. (Deliberately)

MAC: No matter, your umbrella's gone.

JIM: They why did you tell me to take it?

MAC: To keep the rain off your head.

JIM: Where's my umbrella?

MAC: I took it out for a walk yesterday.

JIM: You said there were no clouds yesterday.

MAC: I didn't know that till yesterday was over.

JIM: Where's my umbrella?

MAC: I felt really silly walking about with an umbrella in the sun.

JIM: My umbrella; where is it?

MAC: Must of left it.

JIM: Left it. Where?

MAC: Not sure, actually.

JIM: I'm going to get pneumonia from a wet head because you lost my umbrella.

MAC: Germs cause pneumonia, not wet heads.

JIM: Wet heads lower your resistance. Then the germs can come in and then you get pneumonia.

MAC: You won't get pneumonia.

JIM: How do you know?

MAC: You could get sniffles, you don't get pneumonia in June. You get pneumonia in the winter. In some very rare cases in the spring but never in June.

JIM: I'm going.

MAC: Bye. (Jim pauses at the door)



JIM: I'm going to see Dad today, anything I should say?

MAC: He likes Polish jokes.

JIM: Anything I should say for you?

MAC: I speak for myself.

JIM: I try to see him every day.

MAC: I think about him every day.

JIM: He's lonely.

MAC: I'll see him when he gets home.

JIM: He'd like to hear from you. . .

MAC: You might be right, maybe it won't rain today. . .

JIM: You could send a card. . .

MAC: It sneaks up on you. . .

JIM: (Pause) What sneaks up on you?

MAC: The weather, you never pay attention.

JIM: (As he exits) I'll say hello for you.

MAC: (Turns chair to the wall stares for two beats) (Ann enters.
She is a nun and is dressed as a nun, as is her habit to do so)

ANN: What was that about?

MAC: What was what about?

ANN: You and Jim were arguing.

MAC: He was upset.

ANN: Upset?

MAC: Accused me of losing his umbrella.

ANN: What does he need it for?

MAC: Says he'll catch pneumonia.

ANN: That's silly. You don't catch pneumonia in June, and it seems such a nice day.

MAC: He thought it would rain. (Pinches Ann)

ANN: (Startled) I told you never to do that.

MAC: (Innocently) What's the matter?

ANN: Don't grab me like that.

MAC: It's ok for your friends to grab you but not your own brother.

ANN: What do you mean?

MAC: Don't play your games on me, I've seen your friends groping your body, feeling this and feeling that, a poke here, a squeeze there.

ANN: I was young then (stares at MAC)

MAC: You're not in a good humor today.

ANN: I don't find you amusing.

MAC: You seem a bit testy. What's the matter?

ANN: Nothing is the matter.

MAC: How nebulous.

ANN: It doesn't have a thing to do with astronomy.

MAC: Very clever of you.

ANN: Was Jim very upset?

MAC: He was in a fluff, don't know why, it's not going to rain today.

ANN: He is getting edgy these days.

MAC: He can't be civil.

ANN: He's got a lot on his mind.

MAC: With his mind it doesn't have to be a lot.

ANN: Why do you keep bothering him?

MAC: I'm helping him cope.

ANN: Maybe he doesn't need it.

MAC: Oh, he needs it.

ANN: He does well.

MAC: Not well enough.

ANN: You think he should reach farther.

MAC: His arms should be longer.

ANN: You have no right.

MAC: What's wrong?

ANN: Yes.

MAC: What's the matter?

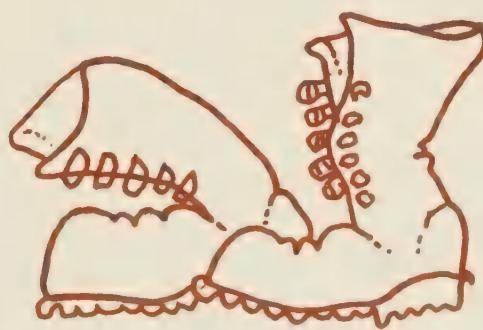
ANN: Nothing, why do you keep asking?

MAC: You act like something is the matter.

ANN: Nothing is wrong.

MAC: It must be something.

ANN: Nothing is the matter.



MAC: Then why are you acting that way?

ANN: What way?

MAC: Like something is the matter.

ANN: There is no something.

MAC: You're losing control. Something is upsetting you.

ANN: You're irritating me.

MAC: Is that what is the matter? . . . I'd better be off.

ANN: If it's going to rain, wear a hat and your rubbers.

MAC: God. . . gosh no.

ANN: You said it might rain.

MAC: There are only two clouds in the sky, it would tax their capacity to rain. . .

ANN: It could be getting ready, as storm may be coming in. . .

MAC: You shouldn't say that.

ANN: There's a storm coming in?

MAC: "Wear your rubbers."

ANN: Why?

MAC: Sounds obscene. You should say galoshes.

ANN: That sounds like food.

MAC: Overshoes then.

ANN: Overshoes.

MAC: I don't need them.

ANN: If it rains and you get a cold don't blame me.

MAC: I don't get colds, just sniffles.

ANN: Sniffles leads to colds and colds to pneumonia.

MAC: Sniffles do not lead to pneumonia.

ANN: They lead to colds. Colds lead to pneumonia.

MAC: That's silly.

ANN: So is going out in a sudden storm without your rubbers on.

MAC: Overshoes.

ANN: You'll end up in the hospital like father.

MAC: (Giving in) Where are they?

ANN: In the closet next to Jim's umbrella.

MAC: I'll put them on but I'm liable to get sweaty feet, catch a chill and get pneumonia.

ANN: You said you wouldn't get pneumonia.

MAC: I said I wouldn't get pneumonia from wet feet, you can get pneumonia from sweaty feet.

ANN: You don't get pneumonia from sweaty feet, you get athlete's foot.

MAC: How can you get athlete's foot if you're not an athlete?

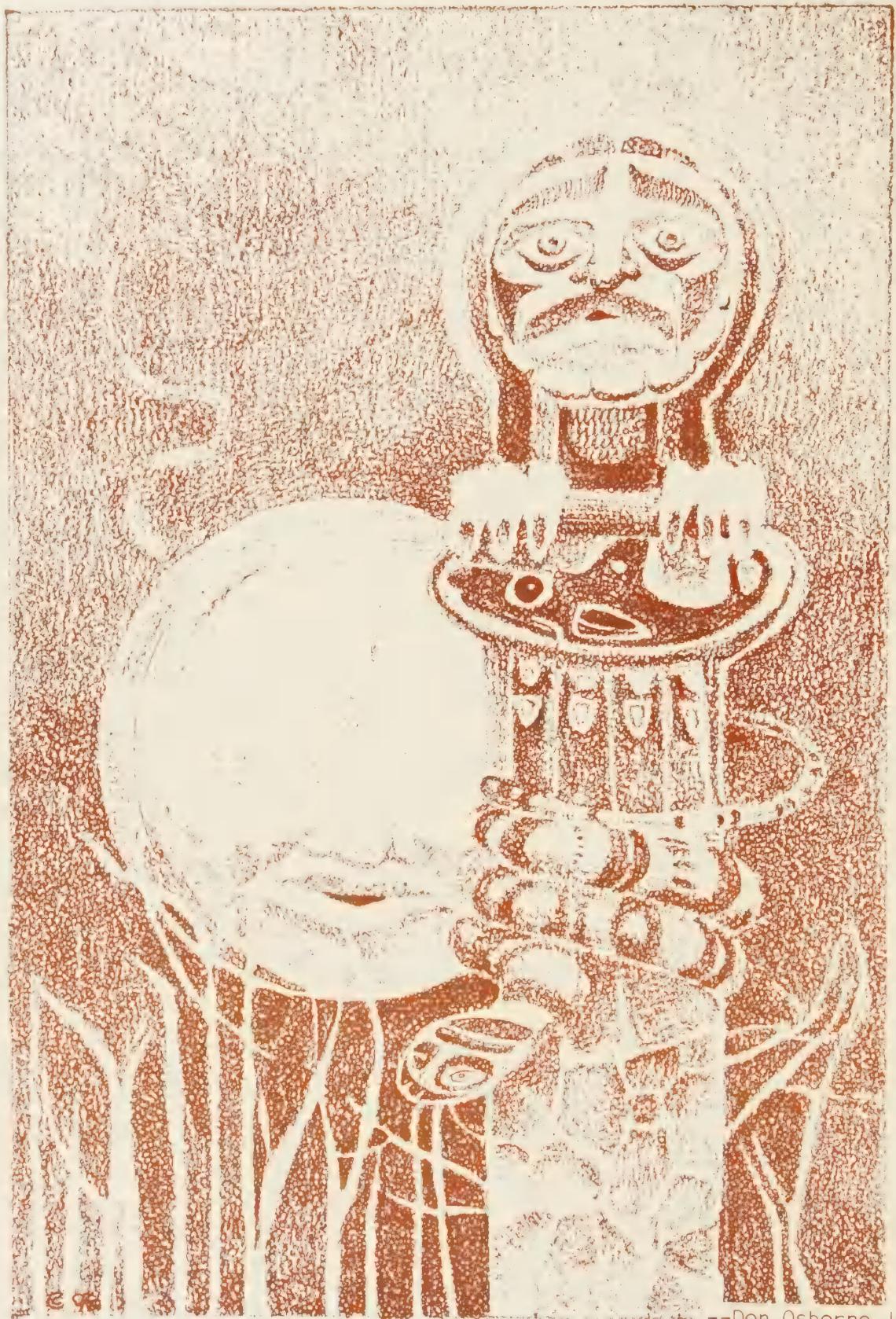
ANN: That's just the name they call the fungus.

MAC: That settles it. I'm not going to wear my rubbers.

ANN: Overshoes.

MAC: And have my feet rot off from fungus. . . .

Lights down



--Don Osborne Jr.

THE CARVER

STEEPED IN WOODSMOKE
EVERGREENS AND MEMORIES..
TOTEMS..
TALES TOLD NEAR THE FIRE
TO ROUND EYED CHILDREN..
SO LONG AGO
OREGON MISTS OBSCURE THE TELLERS.
O SEA..GIVER OF LIFE..
REMEMBER?
CARING HANDS SMOOTH THE WARM WOOD..
REMEMBERING.

--Louise Osborne

Reprise

*Go in peace, spider
Seeking shelter from rain....
But
Tomorrow, beware!*

Spring

*Joyous acrobats
Jetting in
The swooping swallows return*

Frustration

*Outside: first hummingbird..
Inside: vase of daffodils..
Window between... oops!*

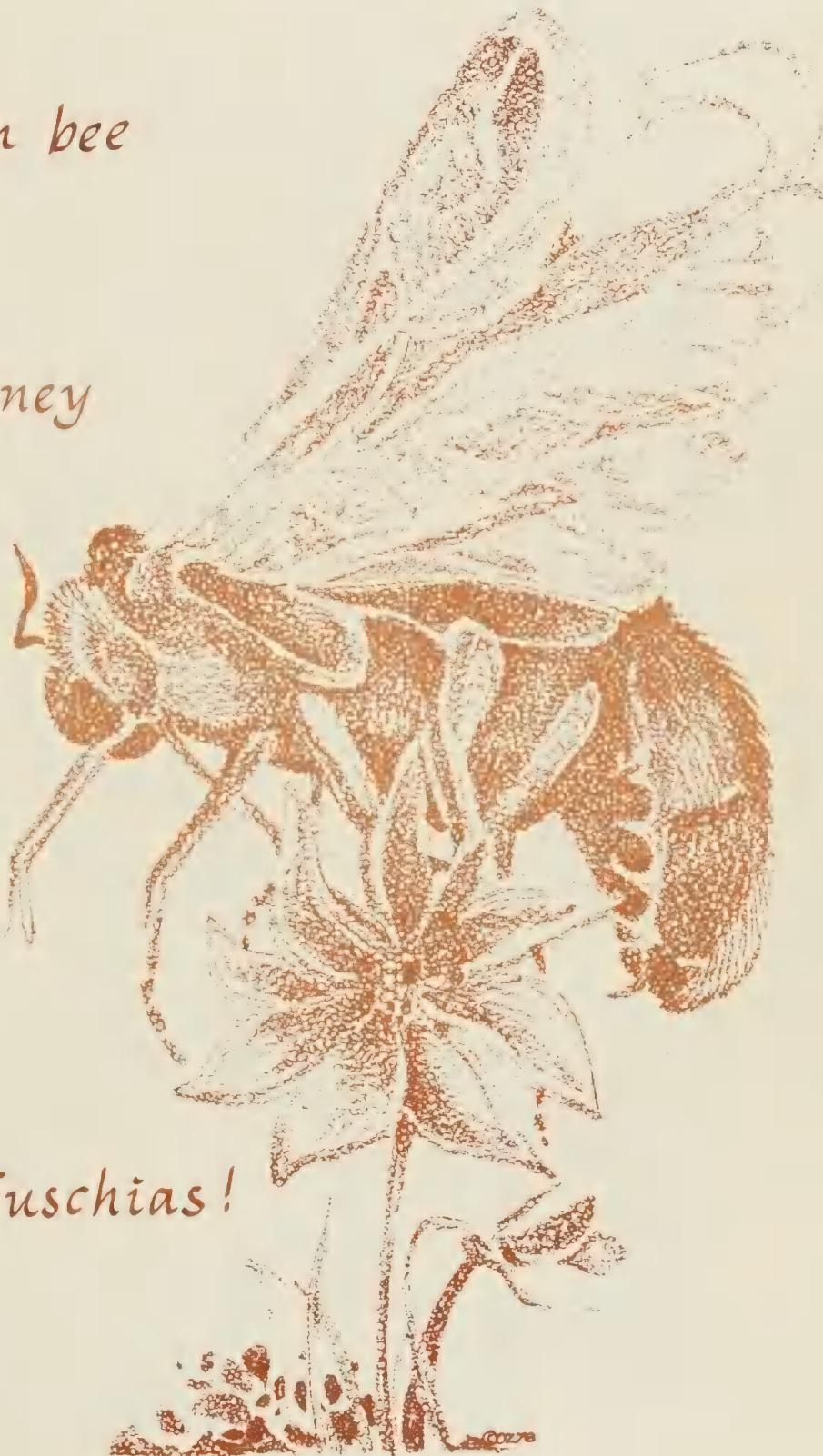
Louise Osborne

Pollen laden bee

High on honey

Stagger
s

From my fuschias!





--Katherine Brenner



The vase
that was bought
for daffodils--
tall
with thick
porcelain
lip

supports
seven stalks
of hyacinth
passed
from plum
to palest
crepe

and one
bowed camellia,
petal curve
molded
to lip
curve.

Christie Robertson

--Laurie McRae

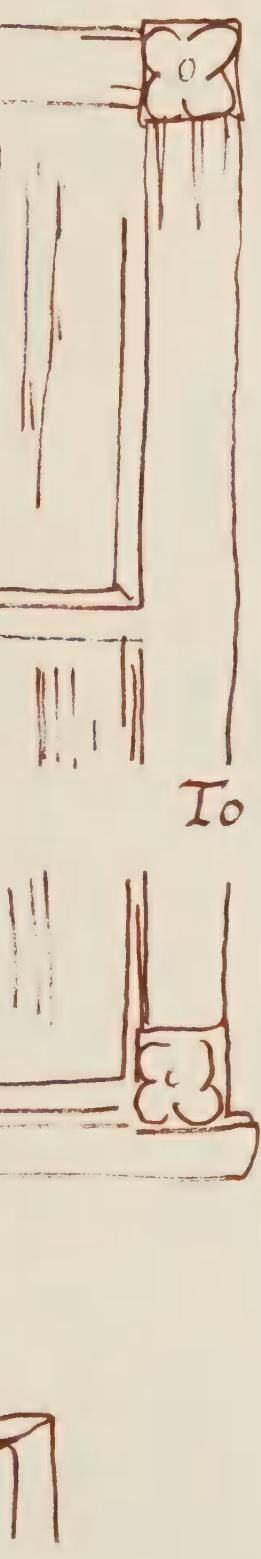
Before sun-up
I hear the earth
Taking a shower.

Early morning storm
My eyes are asleep
My ears are awake!

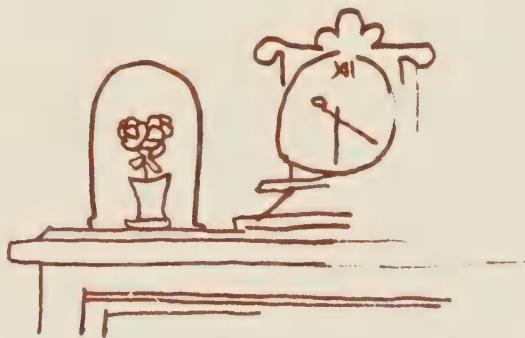
Low sun, long shadows
Mark the house face
With wrinkles of age

The slanting sun slides
around the cornice





Haiku - Ann Myers



To look me straight in the eye—

Cold bright sunshine
Thru frosty windows
Memorable day —
the furnace broke!

The kitten
Fluffing fur
Fuels it's furnace
With cat chow.

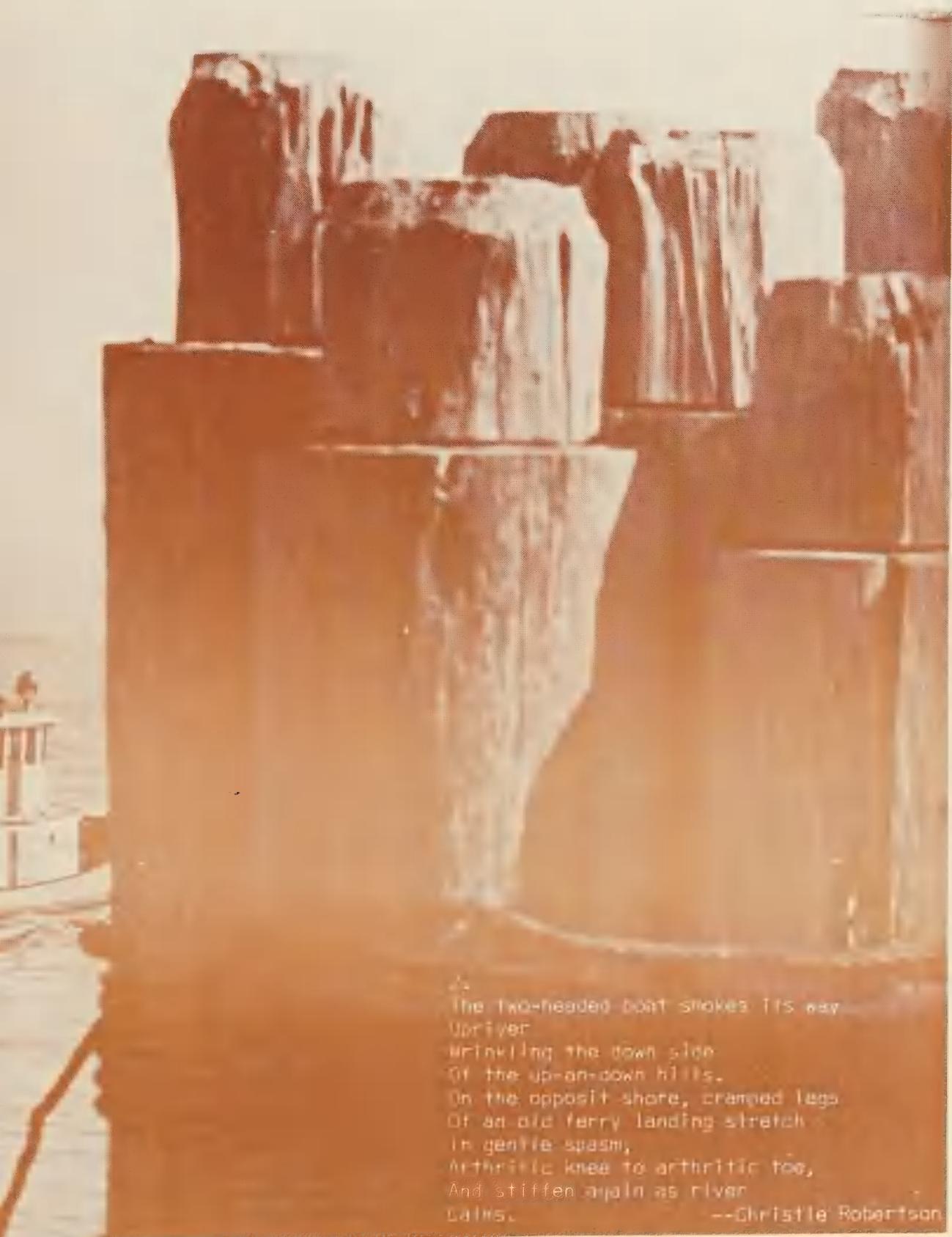
CATFISHING ON THE COLUMBIA

I.

Wave song polishes the pilings,
Slides moss-soft, catches iron-rasp,
Wood-creak, a splinter;
A broken web filters dew from the river.

Wave dance turks in circles of
Fish-jump, line-drop.





the two-headed boat snakes its way
Up river
Wrinkling the down side
Of the up-and-down hills.
On the opposite shore, cramped legs
Of an old ferry landing stretch
In gentle spasm,
Arthritic knee to arthritic toe,
And stiffen again as river
calms.

--Christie Robertson



Bindweed
Convolvulus Arvensis



Pimpernel
Anagallis Arvensis

Blue Flag
Iris Versicolor

Katherine Brenner



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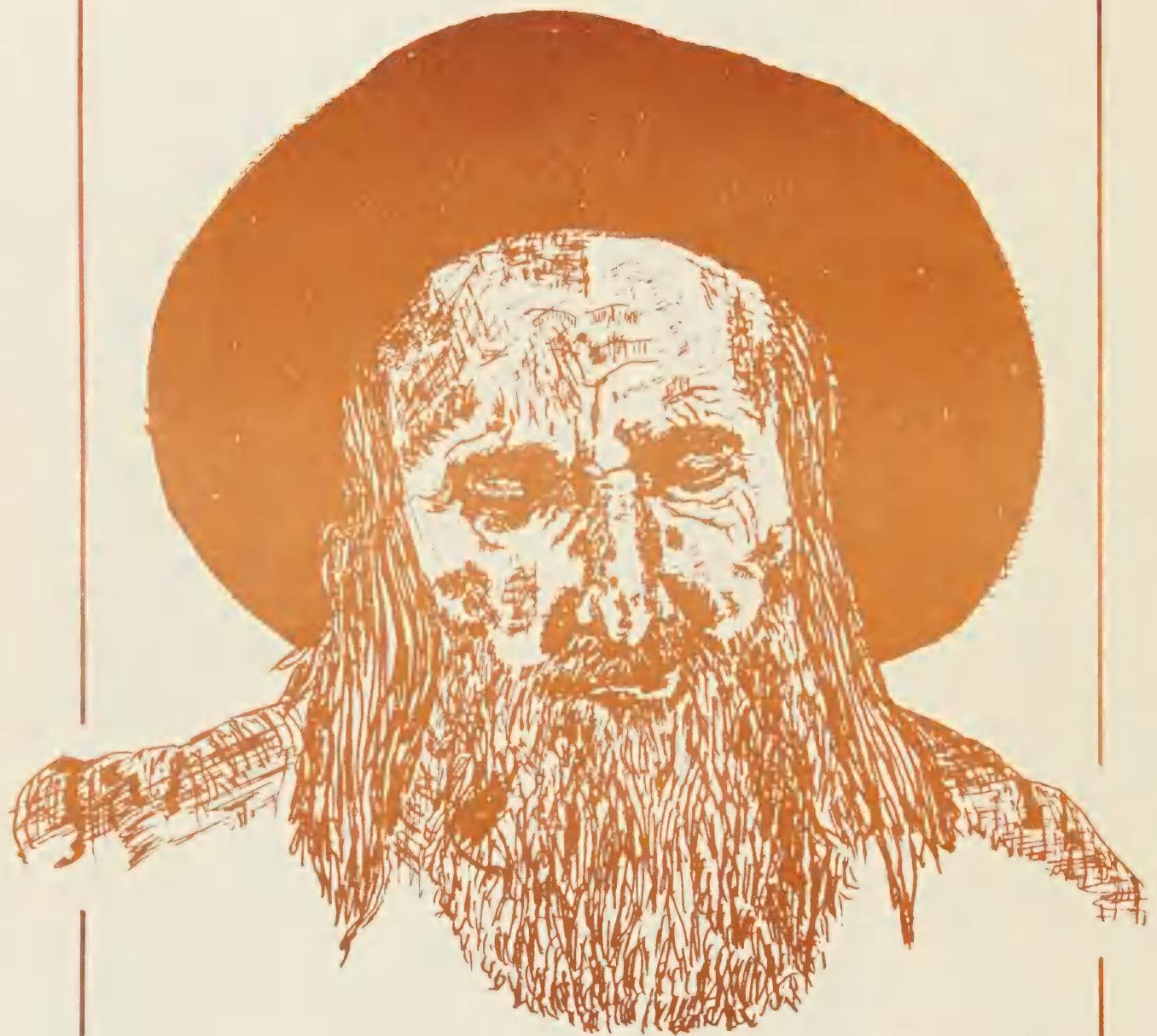
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--Ann Meyers

IN
THE
PUDDLE
OF
WATER,
OIL,
AND ASPHALT
POWER PRINTS.





--Beverly Moore

CRESCENT CITY 7-7-77

Remind me some time to tell you
How I think of whistle buoys.

Mostly I don't. Rather
I sit reading, thinking, talking,
Listening to conversations
Some of which I'm party to,
Not thinking of the whistle buoy at all
Until its ringing hoot comes
Like a flash of childhood
Through the corner of one ear.

Whistle buoys sit
On top of writhing waters
Plunging, somewhere in their guts
An organ pipe with secret bellows,
Pressed by waves too small it seems
To summon such a blast.
More like a horn, it sounds
Too big to blow without
Some kind of stress inside.

They call more often
Than I hear them.

When I hear the whistle buoy
I think of it as random.
When I listen,
I hear its call
Come evenly,
As regular,
As tempo-bound,
As constant as the clock.

I have yet to reconcile
The sounds it makes
With what I think I hear.



--Laurie McRae

There is a house
In the trees
Next to the river
It stands empty
Always has
And I love it for its desolation
Though I would not dare
To intrude on its dreaming

--J. E. Kostenko

Rosebeads

Kathy Harper

Julie sits at the table making rosebeads, and wraps her fingers around each little ball of cooked mashed rose petals trying to make them rounder and smoother. The brown goo oozes between her fingers and drops muffledly onto the waxed paper. In every tiny line of her hands dark rose juice, pronounced, makes them look aged. Her wrists--firm, smooth, and white, twist willingly with the rolling movement of her fingers--and push her hair back from her eyes when her fingers are too gooey. Her face is very broad and innocent, garnished with many freckles, surrounded by straight, fine brown hair, shoulder length. But you can't see the color of her eyes behind her plastic rimmed glasses; nor can you see the reflection of any smiles or tears if they happen to be there; her eyes are either brown or green. Her face is young looking: smooth cheeks stretch over high cheekbones. Her head is hung

over, and her hair is parted at her neck revealing a very white, --lined --freckled neck. Through her light cotton print dress one can see her small boned, slouching figure. Her feet, covered with thin white bobby socks, cross under her chair, small and still.

Behind the table a window of the nineteenth century house reflects most of the sunlight off its dirty grey panels. But what has filtered through the dry dust on the windows is once again filtered by the tattered lace curtains. It's just enough light to see everything clearly, but not enough to enhance any color, leaving everything a colorless grey.

The large dining room and 12-foot ceilings make Julie look very small as she stoops attentively over her work; she creates some, but very little, movement in the room. The

walls, once very neatly papered, are now patches of different wallpaper from different times; near the ceiling they are sooty looking, laced with cobwebs. The furniture is old and worn, but neatly placed in the room: quaintly comfortable. Even through the worn, aged places one can see it was at one time very expensive furniture, which had gone through a long history of families and children--small bodies and large bodies-- hiding places and afternoon teas. The floors covered sparsely with carpets once muffled many footsteps, now soften only the silent heels of one pair of feet that still slip unnoticeingly into the same worn places. All the interiors blend into the decor; it all fits into another place, another time, and remains now but a souvenir of that time. And Julie fits in like the piece completing the puzzle; this house was built by her family and is now hers, a part of her.

Behind her grows the endless drip of the faucet into a milk-scummed cat bowl in the kitchen sink. Its rhythmic drip is the only sound that has echoed through the house since the morning mailman's footsteps on the wooden porch. Stillness can be felt continually settling through the air like dust--radiating from the single rolling movement of her round fingertips over mushy black beads.

Through the stillness sifts the scent of the cooked rose petals. It intoxicates the air like the roses of a hundred summers blooming at once. It reaches its fingers around the edges of the sofa, clinging to the dustcloth underneath. It rises with the warm and gathers around the cobwebs in the corners, slipping under the edges of the curled up wallpaper. It is the aroma of lust, of a plant's utmost concentration into the act of reproduction; its petals,

spreading, reaching, flushing with bright color, issuing forth an aroma for all to smell, only for the making of new seeds. Then it withers to a brown, lifeless, windblown petal, crumbling. Like this woman: ready to bloom in her fullest, ready to let nature take over and permit her to bloom to the fullest, only to last a few days and then fade into the wallpaper. Instead she sits at the table intent. And as she works her head fills with the aroma; it reminds her more and more of the day when she held the fresh-picked roses in her nervous hands-- when everything was going to be perfect.

It was the most romantic day of her whole life. She hadn't slept all night because she knew it was going to be special, really special. She dressed in her prettiest cotton print dress-- the one with pink flowers that's a little bit shorter than the others. After spending at least an hour changing hair styles she wandered around the house picking up this and that, and making sure breakfast was progressing perfectly. But mostly she anticipated, glancing out of every window that she passed to see if he was going to be early. He finally came-- on time --when she wasn't looking out a window, and the bell surprised her, agitating even more of the butterflies in her belly.

With his shoes moist from waxing and each hair where the wet comb put it, he struggled with his wheelchair up the rocky driveway. He was very cautious, going slowly to keep his hair from getting mussed, and to keep his shoes from getting dusty. A bunch of roses jostled in his lap as his arms worked with the wheels of his chair. He looked excited with a smile on his face held up high. He reached the back porch and nervously rang the bell she had put there for him to use.

She smiled out at him from the kitchen window and with the air of having been doing something she stepped out onto the porch.

"Good morning Julie." His eyes were glowing. "You look so pretty this morning, much prettier than these flowers that I picked for you." He gathered them and handed them up to her. "I picked all the thorns off so you wouldn't prick yourself."

She smiled at him lovingly and gathered all the roses up to her chin--hugging them. "Oh, they smell fantastic. Did you smell them, Pierce? That aroma is just fantastic, and such a pretty color. Thank you so much." She stepped off the step to the ground and bent over to give him a hug. His long strong arms reached around her and gently squeezed at her shoulder blades. "Let's go have some breakfast and I'll put these in some water."

She put the roses down and, bracing her heels against the bottom step, slipped her arms under his arms and with a forced rocking motion using her back, swung him around and set him on the first step of the porch. He used his arms to help her lift him up every one of the steps until he was on the porch. She folded his wheelchair and, using the wheels, pulled it also up onto the porch. She opened up the wheelchair on the porch and backed it up against the railing, locking the wheels. She turned to him: "Are you ready?" He nodded apologetically and wrapped his large arms around her shoulders while she struggled to put him into his wheelchair.

She was not taller than he, so his legs drug helplessly, and his newly polished shoes were scraping mercilessly across the porch boards.

By this time his hair was very mussed and his neat suit coat was twisted and gathered up around his elbows and chest. His legs were crossed and turned sideways so when she finally aimed him in the right direction of the seat of the chair, he landed and took a few minutes adjusting his legs back in presentable order and pulling his cuffs back down.

"Now look at what I've done to your porch." He said, pointing to the black streaks of polish on the grey painted boards. "I'm sorry."

She stopped his apology with a finger on his lips and a sweet smile. "Let's go check on the breakfast. Here I'll push." She grabbed the handles of his chair and steered him in through the door and into the kitchen.

They had a long breakfast of fried eggs and biscuits with a fruit salad. Afterwards they sat for a long while at the table drinking tea and making plans for the day, and looking into each other's eyes. Julie kept admiring the roses; their fragrance was so strong and overwhelming. When they were just about to go out the door he stopped her and said: "It would make one of those roses look so much prettier if you wore it in your hair." So she broke one off and fastened it to her hair clip. They started for the park.

There was a trail in the park that Pierce could roll his chair on. It went into a grove of alder and maple trees which surrounded a deep babbling stream. It was beginning to be a hot day so that's where they went. His wheels made an impression in the soft cool humus and cracked some twigs underneath. They finally made it to the stream, bubbling un-

der the bows of many trees; the air was cool and moist, refreshing to inhale. Pierce stayed in his chair and watched Julie play in the water, just like a little girl, which she was not. She took off her shoes revealing her bare, white, freckled legs--very round but firm.

When she sat on the ground at his feet showing him a pretty rock that she found he reached over and put his hand on her shoulder. The sunlight was filtering through the leaves and branches, settling lightly on her face -- turned upwards: big eyes looking at him. "Julie, do you know that I love you? That I think about you all the time? I really could be with you always if you'd have me." She knew he would say that. She knew that he always devoured her with his eyes. She smiled at him and nodded; they hugged for a long time. "Would you think about marrying me?"

Of course she would marry him. It was perfect, the ideal spot, the perfect timing, and he was so nice to her, he really loved her. She just couldn't say no. But she wanted it to stay perfect, to be as romantic as possible. If she said yes right away then it would be settled. She decided to ask him to wait for her answer. . .it would be more romantic that way, more exciting in the end.

On their way home he was still very happy and confident, he knew her fairly well and knew that she would probably accept. She watched him turn the end of the driveway as the clouds were turning their last shade of purple grey sunset. And then, turning her back on the door, she tried to remember every little thing that happened, she closed her eyes and the aroma of the roses surprised her. It is in the evening that they excrete most of their per-

fume. It was an aroma that colored the air with reds, pinks, and lavender. She opened her eyes and the reds, pinks, and lavenders were gone but the breakfast dishes were still there. As she did the dishes she saw her neighbors eating on their porch and wondered what they would think when they saw Pierce living there, rolling his wheelchair around within the house, and Julie helping him up and down the steps. They would probably feel sorry for them. "Hmmmm, that makes me feel funny."

She tidied up the house and went to bed early. Lying there looking at the ceiling, she thought about getting married: the ceremony, the dresses, people congratulating them, admiring her for being so courageous and marrying a disabled man, thinking of her as kind and caring. Then she thought of the wedding night; it had been a very long time since she had been with a man . . .very. She knew it would be different because of Pierce and his disability, "But that's ok." It still made her feel queasy inside. Then she pictured herself lifting him up and putting him in bed, his legs dangling limp: this made her feel sick. She was beginning to feel less compassion for him.

She could smell the roses that were in a vase on her dresser. The aroma was strong, overwhelming, just like her romantic ideals; she had never thought of what it would be like in bed with him--the aroma gives no truth of what the real roses are: grown out of dirt, nurtured with fertilizer, manure, living in snow and rain, with thorns all up and down the stalks--and soon the blooms are gone: too soon, like everything that's really beautiful. What would happen when the bloom fell off their love?

"Why don't they smell sweet now like they did?" They smell like an intoxicant, a cheap perfume covering up something that really isn't beautiful. "Something's wrong. . .something isn't real." You're a romantic fool; roses and sunshine don't last forever; someday the sound of those wheels on the floor are going to make you cringe, scream, and shrivel up inside. How can he take you to a movie or out to dinner? You'll be lifting him in and out of cars . . . and if you get sick he couldn't care for you. No parties, no games, no dancing, no swimming, no camping.

As the room got darker all the shapes within began to take on their nightly form: dark and unfriendly. She was watching what seemed to be air particles in the blackness, moving and changing the appearances of everything. The bathroom faucet was left dripping; and the drip, growing louder with her insecure thoughts, was etching into her brain. All the things of comfort in her room had disappeared into the black.

"Oh Julie calm down, you're being ridiculous." Her own voice sounded too loud and shakey. Despite this she got up and went to the bathroom to turn the dripping faucet off. It was hard to get out of the warm bed; she rushed with bare feet on the cold wooden floor. A street-lamp illuminated through the bathroom window casting a murky light throughout the room. She reached to turn the faucet off and saw herself in the morror of colorless light. She caught her own eyes. Her face seemed to be changing; it was growing old and sad; it became unfriendly, a face full of anguish. Fear began to burn in her belly like an acid; the floor's cold crept up through her feet into her legs. But that face . . .her own face; was this the anguish that a crippled man could cause.

She forced herself away, ran back into the bed and climbed in. The sheets were cold --freezing--how long was she in the bathroom? Suddenly the drip of the bathroom sink amplified, echoed into her bedroom . . .she forgot to turn it off. She didn't want to go back into the bathroom and face herself in the mirror again. God that face looked mournful. Was that just her imagination or was it her in twenty years; was it a glimpse into the future or was it just strage lights in the darkness?

"What are you getting yourself into?" She whispered. "I don't love that man!" Her voice echoed out the door and down the hall, over the wooden banister down to the printed carpet of her living room floor. She lay perfectly still --stiff with her eyes as wide as they could possibly get, taking in every movement in the room. She heard her own voice -- it was in the kitchen, and going out the screen door with a slam -- her heart jumped. Her words were running down the street with their arms waving and head falling back, mouth agape. "I don't love him." It was a scared and cruel voice which finally began to diminish, going down the blocks of town and out into the country, only to be muffled in the corn fields.

Awake all night her eyes stung with tears and lack of sleep. The cruel night only anticipated the more cruel harsh daylight. A light, cold and grey, seeped into her window and under the door. There was no way to keep the day from coming, or to keep the light out. She walked around the house in her nightclothes, in a dreamy state, trying to escape the reality of her own feelings, it was like seeing her world from someone else's eyes, it was ugly, old, cold, and dirty. She hated herself

for having been so kind to him, for leading him on without searching for her own feelings. And now blindness causes a heartbreak.

She was looking at the house across the street when she noticed the wheelchair turning the end of the driveway. It was Pierce. . .he was coming for breakfast. She quickly sank down below the sill before he could see her: bare knees on bare wood floor. She dropped her head down between her knees. "Oh God, why couldn't I be another person, please?" She opened her eyes and the small flower bouquet print on her robe brought her back to reality. "I haven't even dressed or anything." She ran desperately up the stairs to get dressed; "That's right, I wanted another day like yesterday, I wanted . . ."

She flung open the closet door and struggled to dress, with nervous hands, in the first thing that she had grabbed. She heard the bell, his bell ringing outside. "You've got to tell him, you've got to tell him." She was coaxing herself down the stairs. "Please, you'll ruin two lives if you don't' please tell him Julie." She made it to the kitchen; closing her eyes she opened the door and stepped out onto the porch.

"Good morning Julie, look what I've brought. Two boards so I can roll up the steps, you won't have to . . ." His mouth was moving but his words were fading into the ringing in her head.

"Pierce," the tears began to flow down her cheeks like a stream, "Something's happened." Her voice was beginning to quiver. She wanted to hug him and say that everything was all right; she wanted to run back inside and hide. "You've got to know that I do care about you. . . but I can't. . ." His face turned

white; it looked like he stopped breathing. He knew, but hoping, half believing that it wasn't true, he kept on listening. "I. . .I've been a fool for my feelings, I mean about getting married."

"Oh God Julie." His mouth was quivering, tears were welling up in his eyes, he let the boards fall to the ground, and hung his head over. Motionless, he stayed that way for a long time.

Julie went inside and sat. When she looked out the window he was gone. "Oh no. OH NO! What have I done." She dashed madly for the door, throwing it open. He was slowly leaving the end of the driveway. She was losing her only friend. She ran wildly towards him and was opening her mouth to call his name when her foot caught in the root that ran across the driveway.

Sprawled in the midst of the dirt and gravel she opened her eyes. 'Go back inside.' She didn't know whether she said it or thought it, but she went inside, it was her house, her home, her security.

The smell of the roses was everywhere. "Have I done the right thing? Those were my happiest days . . . I spent them with him." There must be some way to save a little part of the happiness, something that will last. She went upstairs and got the roses, bringing them down to look at for a while. They were so pretty and smelled so good, they made her feel better, "That's it-- rosebeads will save the fragrance of his love. . . it will never die."



--Joni Coe

TIERRA DEL FUEGO

Against adobe walls
crickets call the moon
across silence.
Stars dance between our
fingertips.
You have
Tierra del Fuego;
it is returning.
You come supple
from sun fingers, clothes
loose against faintly moist skin.
I wait in angled shadows
an orange hibiscus
over my left ear.
We hold close
pulling night into itself
and you will sleep
dreaming the patio,
our bodies white
beneath the moon.

--Dian Williams



--Katherine Brenner

MOUNTAIN MEMORY

Fog smokes from hidden valleys,
rushing upward, silent
whipping higher and higher,
thinning into gray streaks
soon lost in the clouds.

Wind breaks through the sky,
scattering, chasing
dark shapes toward the horizon;
shapes we saw when children:
bears, horses, dragons.

Light strains behind the mountains,
reflected brilliance
silhouettes broken peaks
where trees are stunted
and snow is constant.

Elk herds stir, shuffle
in circles, defensive,
and morning explodes!
The winter sun cannot warm,
and chilled air prevails.





--Linda Rugo

Ecola State Park Elk Herd by Susan Diehl

The following is from a log done by an aspiring game Biologist as an Anthropology assignment.

Elk are quadrupedal having a long narrow tube shaped pelvis to which the real legs are attached at right angles. Since about half of the weight of an animal that moves on all fours is transmitted through the pelvis to the rear legs, their leg muscles are extremely strong. This applies to elk which have strong leg muscles enabling them to run long distances over rough terrain. If alert, the elk walks with head held high; otherwise, with head and neck extended forward and held rather low. When trotting the elk holds the muzzle horizontal and sometimes thrusts the nose even above the horizontal. There is no-

thing unusual about the gallop, in which the actions are similar to those of many other hoofed animals. The elk also use a peculiar bouncing gait for a short distance, a gait like that of the mule deer in which all four feet are swung forward in unison. Fences are no obstacle to elk; the animal crosses such enclosures at will. They do not jump the least bit higher than necessary, however, and as a consequence, often break top wires as easily as twine without hurting themselves.

Elk being herbivores, have a long lower jaw and large mandible for chewing fodder. The teeth are relatively large with premolars and

molars being usually double semi-lunar. Since they chew their cud, they have no need for upper incisors. The only upper teeth they have are two incisiform canines which occur in both sexes but are much more specialized in bulls, its size possibly being a sexual characteristic. These teeth are also called whistler teeth. The condition of the teeth is often the deciding factor in the length of life the elk have. It may only take four years before the molars have worn smooth on top. The lower incisors wear slowly and keep a sharp anterior edge for many years.

The coat of the Roosevelt Elk consists of a wooly undercoat concealed by the hollow guard hairs that give this animal its characteristic color, a brown varying from grayish on the sides, to very dark on the neck and legs. The rump patch, bordered on the sides with a dark line, is usually tawny. In old bulls the sides are almost whitish, in great contrast with the dark head, neck, legs, and under parts.

The elk herd that I am observing is located approximately 2 miles south of Seaside. Their range extends to the foothills of Tillamook Head (about 5 square miles). To describe the area; it is a deflation plain covered with Sitka Spruce and Red Alder. The field where most of the grazing and observing takes place is sparsely covered with bullrush. Somewhat protected from the highway this herd seems to come out, on an almost regular basis, before dusk (about 4:00) and stay until about 9:00 in the morning.

I found the best time to observe the herd, was in the evening. This was because I could get to the field before they came out. Since this time of the year (first two weeks in October) is in the middle of their rutting season, I was fortunate

to hear the bulls whistle or bugle. The call begins on a low note, glides upward until it reaches a high, clear, bugle like note, which is prolonged, then drops quickly to a grunt, frequently followed by a series of grunts. This call may be very roughly represented as: "A-a-a-a-i-e-eeeeeee-cough? e-uh! e-uh!" At close range the low notes are clearly heard. They possess a reedy, organ like quality that changes rapidly as the high note is struck. At a distance the low hoarse notes are lost to a great extent and the high bugle notes are especially clear, giving the impression of "whistling." There is much individual variation in the pitch and character of the bugling.

In this herd there are four bulls, all spikes. Horn length varies from 18 inches to 12, 10 and 4 inches. The 18" bull does most of the bugling, which must be a sign of dominance. This bugle is not so much a direct threat to other bulls as just a call to gather cows and let out feelings. The bulls are under terrific strain, and the bugling appears to be but a partial outlet for their pent-up feelings. Among birds the male often gives voice to song in the mating period. The bugling of elk may be, after a fashion, comparable to bird song as a natural expression of emotion.

LOG: Sept. 27 - Oct. 7

Again I took my place beside a bush for observing with my binoculars. Though I was still quite a ways from them, the binoculars were essential. The bugling of the one bull could be heard in the distance soing all the bugling because the calls were all the same pitch. Upon entering the field this bull let out a bugle which confirmed my belief.

LOG: Oct. 13

This time I was going to make an attempt to get closer. By hiding behind the trees near the elk's trail I figured this would bring me in where I wanted. Observing elk takes plenty of patience, for one is never sure which way they are going to come or if they are coming at all. Several times I have waited and nothing showed. Usually if they are not in the field by 7:30 p.m., they will not come in until early morning.

Finally I heard No. 18 bugle. He bugled twice, then gave out a loud long one and became silent. There wasn't even any brush cracking so I decided to leave. Glancing over in the far end of the field, I noticed they were all out. The wind was blowing from me to them and without seeing me they picked up my scent. By circling around they managed to get on the other side of the wind from where I couldn't be smelled.

Among the herd there are 43 elk (this count doesn't include bulls), 14 of which are spring calves 11 yearlings and 18 old cows.

For some reason a cow looked right in my direction and without moving continued to stare. Then more cows and yearlings looked up so the lead cow (the one who spotted me) walked toward the center of the herd. As she did, they all seemed to follow her back into the timber.

LOG: Oct. 17

When taking my place today I made sure I was on the right side of the wind. This time I decided to use an elk bugle to see their reaction. No. 18 bugled once, I waited a couple of minutes and blew my call. About 5

minutes went by and he bugled; I waited and bugled, he bugled again and was very close.

The herd then came crashing through the timber and into the back field. Some animals started eating immediately while others moved into the front field. Between the fields is about 50' of brush. When some of the elk were in both fields a few calves began calling their mothers. The call is a loud squeal, high-pitched and often piercing. ("Eee-e-e-e-uh.") Sometimes it is short, sometimes long, depending on the feeling of the calf. In the normal course of the calf's calling to its mother, with no danger present, the sound is moderately short. The cows reply to their offspring with a call essentially the same form as the calf squeal, but stronger and more mature.

It may be concluded that the various forms of the calf-elk call indicate terror, anxiety (as when separated from the mother), or desire (as perhaps when the calf seeks its mother for milk), or minor acknowledgments of attention from one calf to another, in which case they are low vocal expressions.

LOG: Oct. 20

By getting on the right side of the wind (blowing from the elk to me) I can get very close without being spotted. But, one also has to be very still. Elk not only have a good sense of smell but good eye sight also.

I could get the bull to answer my calls almost every time. This shows how vulnerable the bulls are in rutting season. When No. 18 entered the field near the end of the herd, he let out a loud bugle. I could see his sides pumping and his

mouth half way open and his head stretched out horizontally.

After No. 18 settled down I noticed the other two bulls were not with them only the 4 inch one. Being subordinates they must have been run off by No. 18.

The dominance of the lead-cow extends through the rutting season. The herd bull plays a large role in maintaining the herd as a unit by grazing the cows and calves and keeping them together. However, it is the cow that leads the herd to feeding sites, bed-grounds and other areas.

The herd doesn't always feed in the same area. About every three days they change their feeding grounds from the front field to the back. These animals have changed their feeding habits somewhat. Since much of the surrounding hills have been clear-cut and replanted, most of the trees are from 8' to 12' tall. There is very little, if any under-brush for grazing or browsing when the trees are this large. When small, the first 6 to 8 years after clear-cutting, there is plenty of foliage. Such as Deer Fern, Dandelion, grasses and berries. As the trees get older they crowd out these other plants and leave nothing for them to eat but trees, which are not a stable diet. Thus forcing the herd out of the hills and into pastures for grass. Eating the grass, they like it better and only move to the hills during calving season. This herd tries to avoid cattle by feeding in the field where the cattle have least been. Although they do not like to eat the grass where cattle have been, they will graze right beside them when hunger prevails.

In watching this herd I was surprised by the way they almost ig-

nored the cattle, only looking up occassionally as a few domestic calves got close.

LOG: Nov. 1

This time I entered the field quite late and the herd was already out. In looking at the formation of the herd, I noticed No. 18 to be at the back of the field grazing. He did not look up much and seemed to be very calm when a nearby rifle shot was heard. There is a rifle range about a mile and a half away. Four of the five cows popped their heads up, ears forward and momentarily looked in the direction of the shot.

Since I was across a creek from them I thought I may be able to get up to the edge of it. I moved in behind a tree where most of my view to them was blocked. As I got closer I was not noticed until a domestic calf got curious and decided to check me out. The calf almost touched me with his nose, and when I scared it off a cow elk that was close to the bank looked up. She stared in my direction, ears forward, for a long time. Another cow (the lead cow) looked up and walked toward the bank to join the first cow. The domestic calf approached me again, and in scaring it off again the first cow got nervous and walked off toward the herd and watched. The lead cow watched me for a few minutes, then walked back to the herd and toward the timber. This was like a bell had been rung, for the whole herd started to move with her. She stopped occasionally to look at me again but the herd kept on going. The bull was oblivious to the whole situation, but near the tail end again, he started to move with them. He would stop to eat grass and scratch his back with his antlers, but not once did he look my way.

As the herd went into the timber they traveled in single file.

The social organization of the elk is strictly on the basis of matriarchy. The matriarch being the lead cow, which is usually the oldest in the herd. In this herd she is gaunt and bony with age, and physically would be no match for any one of the younger cows of the herd. Yet none dispute her right to lead or boss them. Whether there is a social order throughout the rest of the herd (that is, one cow dominates another, who in turn dominates a third) is difficult to determine. It is known that the young immature cows usually are dominated by an older mature cow. Also certain ones among the old cows show an inferiority complex toward others, but whether this is part of a pattern or just an indication of timidity on the part of that particular animal is hard to say.

LOG: Nov. 8

As it gets closer toward hunting season the bull does not come out to graze with the herd as much. This is also a sign that rutting season is over. Since the nights are colder they feed longer during the day. Even as early as 2:00 in the afternoon they came out.

I noticed that the herd was segregated. The older cows and a few calves were grazing toward the back of the field amongst the bulrush. Toward the front were the yearlings, also grazing. In looking the herd over good; I saw that more than half of the calves were gone. I had heard that they have a system called "baby sitting", but had never seen it. For some reason one cow, usually one which has a calf herself, will keep most of the calves with her while

the rest of the cows graze. The cows take turns baby sitting but which one's turn it is, is still not known.

In amongst the bulrush, away from the herd, a couple of calves were playing. They would run around the bushes chasing each other on their way out. A cow with a calf entered into the field and not far behind were six playful calves. One calf called for its mother and went running toward her when she called back. As this was going on, a yearling walked over to the calf, they appeared to greet by touching or smelling noses. Then as the old cow got closer both yearling and calf started nursing. Normally the yearling would not be allowed to do this but since the calf was nursing, it got in. The yearlings have been on their own since March, so this could be a need for attention or affection. It is not unusual for the yearling to stay around its mother and new calf, for they often bed down together. Also the old cow did not let either offspring nurse very long until she walked off. Then both calf and yearling played together for a short time before returning to their own age groups.

Most of the calves bedded down together near the baby sitter cow, the rest by their mothers. Many of the cows and calves were also nearby. In fact this was the closest I had ever seen them together. The domestic calves seemed to be more interested in the elk, than the elk in the cattle. When a domestic calf got too close the elk didn't chase it off or run away. But rather casually got up and walked away.

The only elk that were grazing now were the yearlings. All of the other animals were bedded down and chewing their cud.

Things that move
Things that do not move
In the night
And what are we left with
But cedar flame
And a dragon's tail.

J.E.Kostenko



--Katherine Brenner

RAIN for 1978 began with the examination and selection of written submissions by Diane Hankins and Lynette Larson, and of graphic submissions by Kathy Harper.

Kathy Harper designed the magazine in response to the selected materials, and further narrowed choices as part of her design work. When she had completed the initial design, she was joined in the production of the paste-ups from which the offset plates were made, by Joan Coe and Stewart Poppino; all three worked diligently to produce the finished magazine.

Joan Coe also spent long hours designing and performing all the calligraphy in Rain '78. Scott Harper, a former editor of Rain (1975) and spouse of this year's designer Kathy Harper, drew all the editorial line art used as decoration in this year's magazine.

The production of the magazine benefitted in important ways from the selfless and energetic assistance of David Holmes, who did all the photo darkroom work for the magazine, often undertaking difficult projects and staying with them until the staff had the prints they needed.

Advising for this year's magazine came from many sources. Bob Gwinn and Ken Bue both provided able assistance from their positions at Clatsop College and The Daily Astorian print shops. Christie Robertson and Stewart Poppino coached the staff from their previous experience, and the extensive notes Marcia Curtis left from her work on the 1977 magazine provided another important source. Ralph Wirfs provided classroom instruction in production techniques, and occasional advice and sympathy.

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Red Clover
Trifolium pratense

--Katherine Brenner

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